

Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN:

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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St. Louis, August 23, 1849—25—9m

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St. Louis, January 17, 1850.—ly.*

THE TIMES

LET IT BE KNOWN.

That the locofoco Presses and Politicians of this District, persist in slandering JOHN G. MILLER, by calling him a Free Soiler, in the face of the following explicit denial, over his own signature:

"I AM NOW, and have EVER BEEN, OPPOSED to the Wilmot Proviso, in EVERY SHAPE in which that question has been presented, and if elected, WILL CONTINUE to give it my ACTIVE OPPOSITION."—John G. Miller.

LET IT BE KNOWN.

That these same locofoco Presses and Politicians recognize and support Senator ATCHISON as one of their leaders, notwithstanding he VOTED FOR the Proviso, and BOASTED that HE introduced it into the Oregon Bill.

LET IT BE KNOWN.

That these same locofoco Presses and Politicians are supporting JAS. S. GREEN for Congress, notwithstanding he VOTED FOR W. J. Brown for Speaker of the House, the said Brown being PLEDGED to give the Free Soilers and Abolitionists a Majority of the Most Important Committees, to the end that they might MAKE MORE EFFECTUAL WAR UPON THE SOUTH.

Inauguration of President Fillmore.

The National Intelligencer, of the 11th inst., gives the following interesting account of the inauguration of the new President, Mr. Fillmore.

At twelve o'clock, according to previous arrangement, the Senate entered the Hall of the House of Representatives, the Speaker and Members standing. Soon after, the Hon. Millard Fillmore, Vice President of the United States, attended by a member of each House, entered the hall and took a seat at the table of the Clerk of the House. After a brief pause he rose, and in a clear and distinct voice, pronounced the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, and the act of installation was complete.

The profound silence of so great an assemblage of deeply concerned spectators, the ceremony, so brief and simple, yet so important in its consequences, national, political and personal, presented an incident and a scene altogether American. It was the incident of the day, which probably made less impression than some others on American spectators, but was precisely that which is most calculated to attract the notice of foreigners. The death of the President being announced, a citizen, plainly attired, enters among the assembled Representatives of the Nation, walks up to the Clerk's desk, takes an oath on the Bible to support the Constitution of the United States; and, by this brief ceremony, he becomes in an instant of time, invested with the command of the whole military force of a mighty empire, with the execution of its laws and the administration of its power. No one objects or dreams of objection; the act is acquiesced in as a thing of course, and with the submission that would be rendered to a law of nature. The sceptre of the People passes into his hands as quietly and as quickly as a power of attorney could be acknowledged before a justice of the peace. "And yet, though the individual attracted, the thing itself was hardly thought of in connection with the consequences." In some countries such a transfer would have cost streams of blood, and shaken the Government to its very foundation. And why is it not so here? Because ours is a Government of equal rights and a Government of laws; and because our People are a law-abiding and law keeping People; because they know and feel that their own laws are the restraint which they themselves have placed on their own passions; and that is only by obeying these laws that their equal rights can be maintained. May such ever be their spirit! If so, we may well say of the Republic, not "esto perpetua," but "est perpetua!"

THE WHIG PARTY.

When we hear men with whom we have acted in concert, talking flippantly of the dissolution of the whig party, we are confounded with amazement and sorrow. It seems almost as astounding as it would be to hear patriots speaking calmly of the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of a monarchy at Washington. Upon listening to such remarks, we involuntarily ask ourselves, is there nothing stable in this world of change? We had been taught that "men die, but principles are eternal." We had been told by a veteran captain of the Whig Army that whig principles are not to be put on and off like a change of garments. We had always heard that in the success of the whig cause was involved the preservation of constitutional liberty. Our own brief experience had satisfied us of the eminently conservative character of whig principles. We call upon every whig who loves his country, to remember the events of the last ten years, and to observe the deep and ineffaceable seal which time has affixed to the wisdom of whig counsels. The conservative spirit of the whig party has ever opposed itself to rash innovations, and exalted duty, in all cases, above expediency. In conformity with that spirit, Henry Clay took his noble stand in regard to the Annexation of Texas, and to that policy of Annexation which has involved us in all our troubles. Read once more the letter of that distinguished statesman, and see how with a prophet's vision it describes the result of Annexation? Now, does not every one see that, if the nation had been governed by whig policy in this respect, we should have escaped the loss of life and treasure in the subsequent war, and all the dissensions which that war has entailed upon the American Union? The adoption of whig counsels would have preserved us from the war with Mexico, and those territorial curses which we have received as "indemnity" for the past, and security for the future. The adoption of the whig policy did save us from a bloody war with England, which would have destroyed our commercial prosperity, for the sake of a barren territory worth nothing to either of the disputants. Let whigs bear in mind that, if whig counsels had prevailed, this whole Union would now be in entire harmony and peace. The election of General Taylor has preserved the country from foreign wars, in which, but for his success, it might have been rashly hurried, while at the same time the honor of the nation has been nobly maintained. Are these results of no importance? What principle, for which the whig party contended under Mr. Clay in 1844, has been surrendered by the administration of Gen. Taylor? We would like an answer to that question by those whig friends who talk lightly of the dissolution of the whig party. We stand together now as formerly under the glorious banner of Harry of the West, in behalf of encouragement to American industry, of the improvement of inland waters, in favor of a restriction of the Executive prerogative—upon the platform of Law, Order, the Constitution and the Union. We held in '44 that the fate of the country was involved in the success of our cause. Has anything since occurred to change that belief? No! Every whig believes it still. Every day's experience proves that upon the conservative spirit and policy of the whig party depends the preservation of this country from unnecessary foreign wars and from fatal domestic discord. Can we give up our cause, when we must give up our country with it? Are we willing, in order to strike at Taylor or at Clay, to strike at them through the peace, the prosperity, the honor, the Union of this whole Republic?—Rich. Rep.

some common ground for the settlement of the slavery question—this Locofoco legacy, about which the inheritors are quarrelling and making so much ado. Let it be the President's Plan or Mr. Clay's Plan. Give us one or the other—so that the Whig party will, in solid phalanx, back it up and support it—not flee from it, nor assist Locofocoism in destroying it.

Nothing is more certain than that every step the Locofoco managers in Congress are taking, in regard to this momentous question, has remote reference to the next Presidential Election, and we trust there is no whig blind enough not to see it. No matter how it is settled, things just now, near home, look as if the "Democratic" party were going into the next campaign sufficiently united to admonish the whig party that they must expect no advantages from the Barnburning or Abolition diversions in this part of the country. We have shown, from time to time, with what industry the wire-pullers here are at work, healing the heart burnings, and adjusting the differences, which operated in no small degree to defeat the election of General Cass. Perfect success has not crowned their efforts, but it would be safe for every whig to look upon it as certain that a coalition of some kind will be patched up in order to carry the Congressional elections first, and then to follow up with a victory in the Presidential campaign that is coming. When that issue presents itself—mark there will be no Southern Democratic party, no Northern Democratic party. That "cohesive power" which John C. Calhoun so well knew the potency of, will unite them now, as it has united them heretofore. Everything will be made to succumb to a desperate attempt to regain that ascendancy to the General Government, from which the people indignantly thrust them eighteen months ago. Slavery, Freedom, Principle—remember—are nothing, when office, power, place, and the "spoils," are to be struggled for.

We put it at them—in the face of these considerations, we put it to every good whig, North and South, every true patriot, that sees in the past history of the country, that upon the integrity of the whig party depends the salvation of this glorious Union—is this a time to encourage jealousies, and rivalries, and heart burnings, in the bosom of the whig party? Are we all ready, Nero-like, to fiddle while Rome is burning? Are we disputing about men when the Republic itself is in danger—when demagogues are threatening to pull down the pillars of the Temple, and whelm us in common ruin? If not, we would join in the cheering cry that comes to us from the James River, "STAND BY YOUR CAUSE!" What to you are men—what even the heroic Taylor and the illustrious Clay, compared with those principles which distinguish you as a party, and upon the maintenance of which rests the only hope of the future freedom and greatness of your country? We appeal to you as whigs and as Patriots—not as Northern men or Southern men—to stand by your guns; be faithful and firm, and when the dark clouds now shrouding the Capitol shall have passed away, your reward will be a THIMBLE OF WHIG PRINCIPLES IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE UNION.

With the whigs in Congress, then, especially let there be concession, conciliation, compromise, and a good understanding. There should be the freest allowances made for individual opinions. It is impossible that all can think alike as to what is the best to be done in such a distracting contingency; but it is not impossible that with the right kind of management, all in the end may be brought to act alike and vote alike. Let this be done, and it will not be difficult to find where the whig party is, when the storms blow over.—N. Y. Express.

Refreshing their memories with such reminiscences as these, one would think the whigs in Congress, not listening to the wild sectional appeals of Locofocoism, or the insidious plans it has artfully laid to distract and disavow it, would naturally hand together upon

RANDOLPH COUNTY.

At a meeting of the citizens of Randolph county held in the Court House on the 22d day of July 1850, on motion, Col. Thos P. Rubey was called to the Chair, and W. R. Samuel appointed Secretary. The chairman explained the object of the meeting in a few brief and appropriate remarks, to be for the purpose of making some arrangements, to pay the last debt of gratitude to our late Chief Magistrate. The following resolutions were then offered by Thos. B. Reed and unanimously adopted:

Whereas the painful intelligence has reached us, that it has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst ZACHARY TAYLOR, late President of the United States, Do it resolved 1st, that in common with our country men we deeply regret the death of our late distinguished and beloved Chief Magistrate. That we regard his death as a National calamity, a calamity the more to be deplored on account of the dangers which beset our government, and which none seemed so able to avert as the Hero of Buena Vista. But that it becomes us humbly to submit to the Divine will, and to confide in him who has said whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

2d. That Gen. Taylor's valor, military skill and uniform success in war, his exemplary character as a private citizen, his discretion, firmness and wisdom in the Executive chair under the most trying circumstances, will ever place him on the Historian's page, side by side with the Father of his country.

3d. That G. H. Burchhardt and A. McKinney be requested to deliver an address on the 3d Saturday in August, at 11 o'clock, in the Methodist church, on the character of the dec'd, and that the citizens of Randolph county, irrespective of party, be requested to suspend business on that day, and unite in rendering suitable honors to the illustrious dead.

A motion was then made and adopted that J. C. Shaefer, W. B. McLean, T. B. Reed, A. McKinney and Henry M. Tinsley, be appointed a committee of arrangements for the occasion.

4th. That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Secretary and Chairman, and a copy be sent to the Glasgow Times with a request that they publish them, and that other papers in the adjoining counties be requested to copy.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

THOS. P. RUBEY, Chm'n.
W. R. SAMUEL, Sec'y.

NEW EXPEDIENT.

Young ladies—of snobdom—having "finished their education," return home ready for a match. With the assistance of their m's and p's if they don't "do it" in a reasonable time, say nine to 18 months, they are all at once missing.—Enquiry is of course made for Miss Francis Anno. Why la? says mamma, 'she is in her boarding school—only come out to get a little fresh air and recreation.' And faith she has gone back to come out fresh and green from "boarding school, in six months. Thus she goes back and forth till thirty odd, when she's pretty well finished one way or other.

A common-councilman's lady, paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered: "Pretty good, madam; Miss is very attentive; if she wants anything, it is capacity; but for that deficiency, you know we must not blame her."

"No, madam," replied the mother, "but I blame you for not having mentioned it before. Her father, thank Heaven, can afford his daughters a capacity, and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may."

"Secession."—It is said that the delegates from our Southern States pledged their respective Commonwealths to secede from the Union if the Compromise Bill should pass! We suspect they had about as much authority to make such pledges, as Satan had to give away the kingdoms of this world which he exhibited to the Lord upon the mountain.

WHO IS SHE?

BY MISS ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mary Murray, you say—and pray who is she?"

These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to which one of them had just bowed.

"Who? The daughter of the widow Murray. A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, too—you ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of the widow Murray, who keeps a petty thread and needle store! Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids."

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here, you know, we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates."

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be cut by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences will come to your parties, if they are to meet the shop-girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain, I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not for her ancestors."

Besides, for all I know, she may be as well born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this instant a handsome young man riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies.—The first speaker was all blushes at the public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men of the city.

"Dear me," she said, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He would never have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied.

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is only the more to be pitied." And, warming with natural indignation, she continued, "it vexes me beyond patience to see people, in this country talking of the gentility of their families, when out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families, a century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggared. Who was Astor? A poor German lad! Who was Girard? A French cabin-boy. Who was Abbot Lawrence once? A Yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence, stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street toward them. Politeness kept her stationary for a moment, but, as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with the daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away, and went into a store, pretending to wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, sauntered idly down the street, and soon perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good morning," he said, bowing, his eyes attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler, Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was already engaged, and to a friend of Frank's, answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister.

"I shall be pleased if you will. On ly you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are used to having sense talked to us, and, if you do not acquit yourself creditably, we shall black-ball you, as they say at the club, the next

time you apply for permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive to induce him to talk his best, for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough.

They stopped, at last, at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked, with some surprise, at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful, as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," said he, "assists to support her mother by standing behind the counter. What a noble creature! Do you know, Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make, is worth having, because she is worth a dozen of your vortaries of fashion—gilded, concealed butterflies like your friend, Emma—You must take me to Miss Murray's some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty, but she had not dreamed for an instant of his falling in love with her. But now as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clasped her hands and cried:

"That will I, for you are just suited for each other. We will go to-morrow night."

And they did go on the morrow night. And again, and again Frank went, and after the two first interviews, always without Kate. He was noble-hearted, intellectual, graceful and refined; and Mary could not long resist the suit he paid to her. Indeed, after some maidenly struggles with her heart she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere necessities of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; nor, perhaps, even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he knew its exact value, and he was accustomed to say that "worth, not wealth, was what he sought in a wife."

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence and general qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," she said, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school mate, Emma.

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You give it up? Well, Frank Hastings and Mary Murray."

"What!" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had herself assiduously sought Frank's notice, not Frank Hastings, and that "thread and needle women's daughter!"

"Yes! and a happy couple they will make, Mary will now have the wealth she is now so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma, pettishly. "She's a nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but I'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Phaw!" said Kate contemptuously. "You know better. Mr. Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the few 'old families' we have; and, being such is above the ridiculous notions of the mere 'parvenus.' It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you would call it. She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American patent of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her," was the splenic reply.

"No, he never knew it till he asked her to have him."

Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone."

In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learnt a lesson, and, since then, inquires less superciliously, about a new acquaintance.